MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR,

The Monthly COLLECTION

OF

New Teaching SONGS,

Compos'd for the *Theatres*, and other Occasions;

With a Thorow Bass for the *Harpsichord*, or *Spinett:*

The SONGS being Transpos'd for the *Flute*, at the end of the Book.

For **March.**

LONDON:

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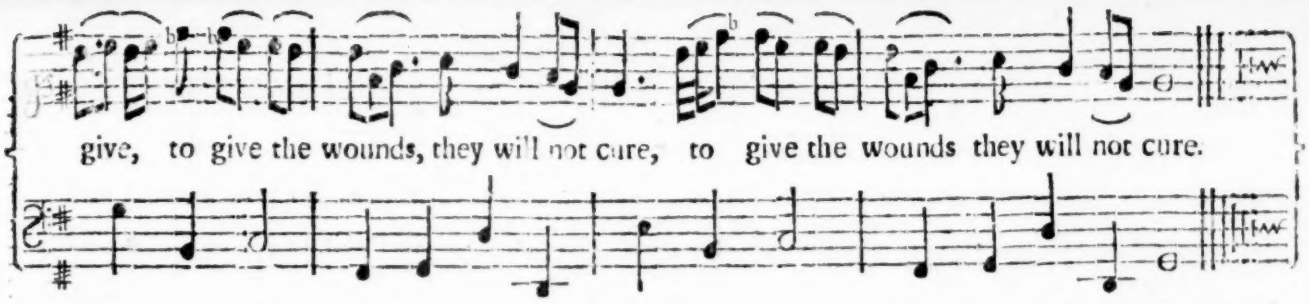
Price Six-pence.

ASK not the cauſe, why ſul-len Spring, ſo long de-lays her Flowrs to bear, why warbling Birds, why
warb—ling, warb-————ling Birds forget to Sing, and Winter Storms in--veſt the year
Clo-ris is gone, *Clo—ris* is gone, and Fate, and Fate provides to make it Spring, where

ſhe re--ſides to make it Spring, where ſhe re--ſides: *Cle-ris* is gone, the cru—el Fair, ſhe
caſt not back a pi--ty-ing Eye; but left her Lover, but left her Lo- - - - - - - - - - -ver
in deſpair, to Sigh, to Languiſh and to die, ah! how can thoſe fair Eyes endure to



A SONG, the Words by Captain *Danvers*. Sett by Mr. *T. Willis*.

Thoſe nice pernicious for—ms deſpiſe that che—-at you of your bliſs, let love inſtruct you
to be wiſe whilſt you- - - - -th and beauty is.

Too late you will repent the time,
You loſe by your diſdain;
The Slaves you ſcorn now in your prime,
You'll ne'er retrieve again:
But when thoſe Charms ſhall once decay,
And Lovers diſappear,
Deſpair and envy ſtall repay;
Your being now ſevere.

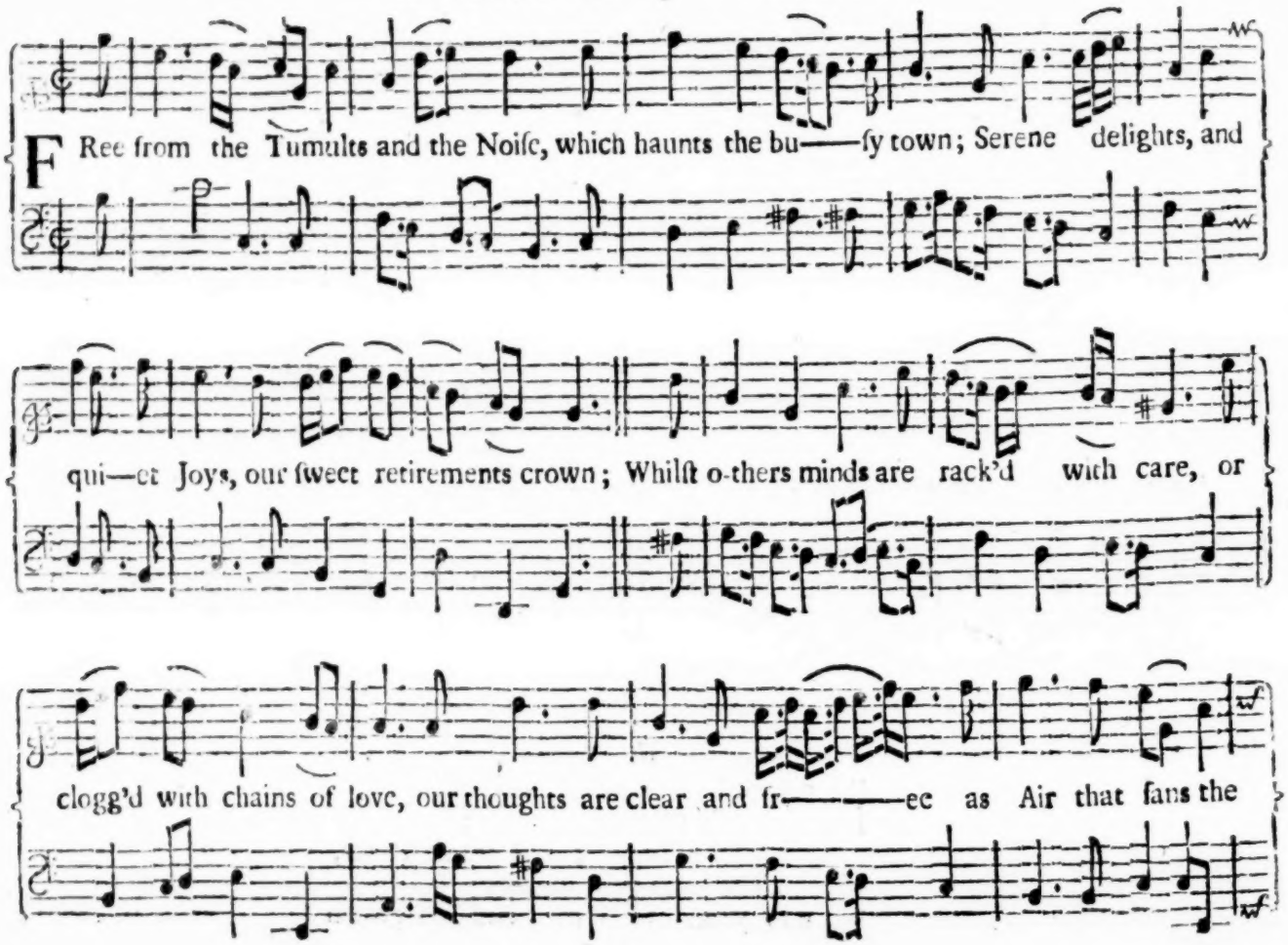
A SONG Sett by Mr. *Frances.*

I'Se tell thee falſe loone 'tis in vain, of thy Paſſionate love to com——plain;
'tis muckle confuſion when Beautie's al--luſion con—fi——nes a man's Soul in a chain.

II.

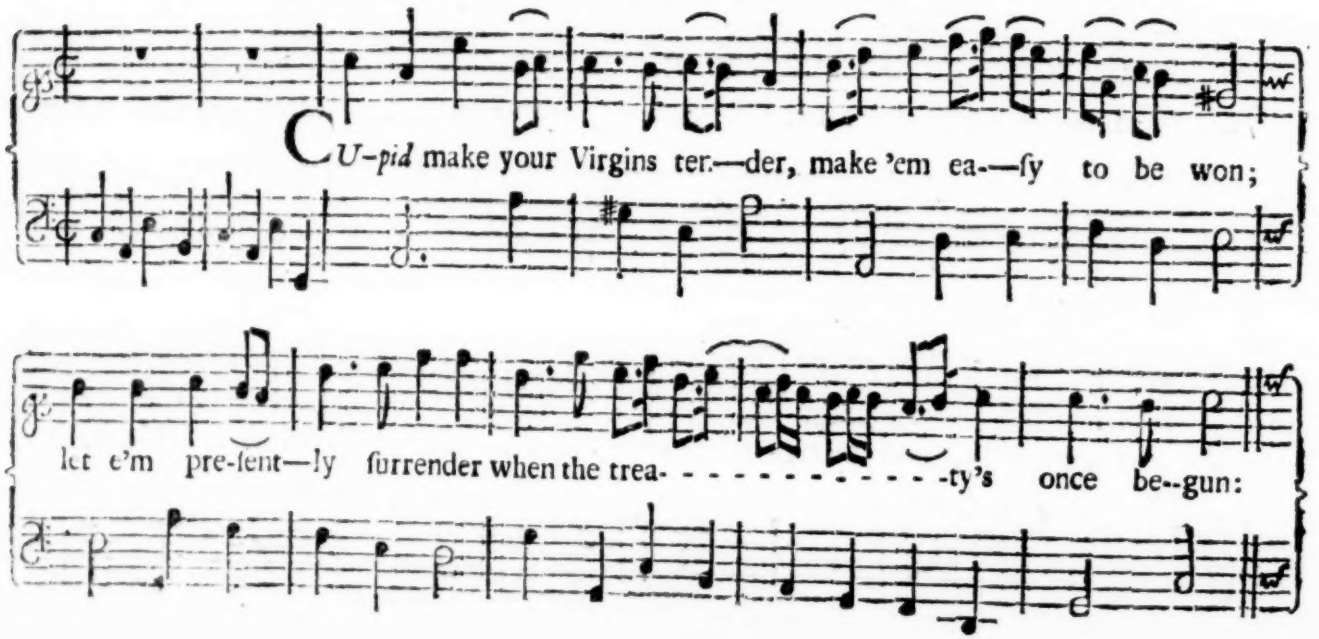
I'ſe cannot believe there's a loone,
In country, in City or in town;
Whoſe Tongue, and whoſe Heart,
The truth will impart,
When to years of full manhood he's grown.

A SONG Sett by Mr *Moſes Snow.*


FRee from the Tumults and the Noiſe, which haunts the bu——ſy town; Serene delights, and
qui—et Joys, our ſweet retirements crown; Whilſt o-thers minds are rack'd with care, or
clogg'd with chains of love, our thoughts are clear and fr————ee as Air that fans the

Neighbouring Grove: We laugh at all the lit——tle Arts, of *Ve-nus* and her trifling Boys, nor
can that I—dle God of Hearts, the ſoft re--poſe of ours deſtroy; Se--cure with—
——in our cage we lie, and Sweet-ly paſs the hours a--way, whilſt Birds and Maids, that

A New SONG, Sett by Mr *Dan. Purcell.*



Such as like a te- - - -dious wooing let 'em cru- - - - - - - - -el Dam--fels find; but let
ſuch as wou'd, as wou'd be do—ing, prithee, prithee, prithee *Cupid* make 'em kin- - - - - - - -d,
prithee, prithee *Cu—pid* make 'em kind.

A SONG Sett by Mr. *John Eccles.*

I Gently, gently touch'd her hand, I gently, gently touch'd her
hand; ſhe gave a look, ſhe gave a look that did my Sou- - - - - - - - - - - - -l my Soul
en--ſlave; I preſt her rebel Lips, her rebel Li- - - -ps in vain; they ro- - - - - - - -ſe to

be pre- - - -ft a——gain, —gain. Thus happy, happy, happy, happy, I no
farther meant; Thus happy, happy, happy, happy, I no farther meant, no, farther, no, no
far- - - - - - - - - -ther meant; but to be pleas'd, be pleas'd, be pleas'd, but to be

plea- - - - -s'd and In-no-cent, but to be plea- - - - -s'd and In-no—cent, —cent.
On her ſoft, ſoft Breaſts my ha- - - -nd I laid, and a quick light Impreſſion, and a
quick light Impreſſion, and a quick lig- - - - - - - - - -ht Impreſſion made: They with a

kindly, kind—ly warmth, a kindly warmth did glow, and ſwee-
-ll'd, and ſeem'd to o- - -ver—flow; yet truſt me, I no
farther, truſt me, I no farther meant; yet truſt me, I no farther, truſt me I no farther

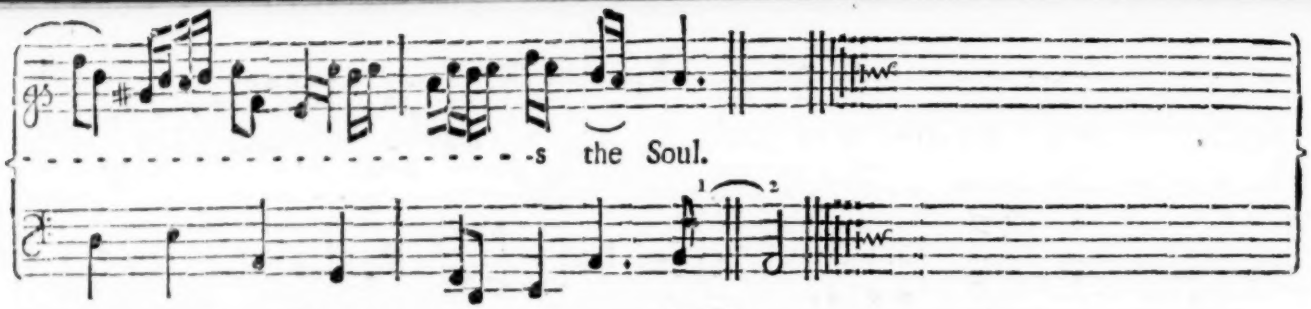
meant, no farther, no, no far - - - - - - - - - - -ther meant, than to be pleas'd, be
pleas'd, be pleas'd; than to be plea- - - - - - -s'd, and In—-no—-cent.
than to be plea- - - - - - -s'd and In—-no—cent.

FRee from Troubles, free from Harms, full of Sweetneſs, full of Charms; Bleſs theſe Pair the
Gods a--bove, and Crown their hopes with laſting Love; ſtill de-ſireing, ſtill re--quiring,
Looking ſtill, and ſtill Ad--miring.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. *William Crofts.*

BE—hold, be—hold, and li--ſtin while the Fair; be—hold, be—
—hold and liſten while the Fair, break in ſweet ſoun- - - - -ds, in ſweet ſoun- - -
—ds the willing Air; in ſweet ſounds, in ſweet ſoun- - - - - - - -ds the willing Air:

And with her own breath fanns the fire, which her brig- -ht
Eyes did firſt inſpire, what rea—ſon, what rea—-ſon, can that Love, that Love con—
-troul, which too ſuch ways commands, commands, commands the Soul, command-



The SONG *Tunes for the* FLUTE.

Cupid *make your Virgins tender,*

3i
I gently touch'd he Hand,
1
2
3i

Free from Traubles,

FINIS.